

1250

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811.

PALLADIUS and IRENE,

A D R A M A:

IN THREE ACTS.



LONDON,

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL MALL.

MDCCLXXIII.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

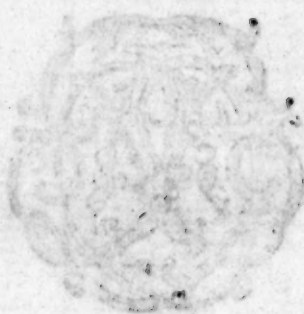
PALLADIUS and IRINE

A. D. R. A. M. A.

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Price One shilling and Six pence

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

**EUARCHUS**, *King of Thrace and Macedon.*

*His QUEEN.*

**PALLADIUS**, *Son of EUARCHUS by a former Queen.*

**IRENE**, *Daughter of LEONTES, late King of  
Theffaly.*

**POLYXENES**, *a faithful Courtier,*

**LYSOCLES**, *a Traitor.*

**GENII** of Thrace, Theffaly, and Macedon,

**CHORUS** of SEA NYMPHS.

**CHORUS** of VIRGINS attending on IRENE,

**RECITATIVE** *accompanied with solemn  
ærial Musick.*

A 2

PALLA:

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HERSCHEL, King of Thracian Macedonia.

THE QUEEN.

PARADESUS, General Heracles's former friend.

LEON, Duke of Macedonia, late King of Thracia.

THESEUS.

POLYDORUS, a Thracian Captain.

LEONIDAS, a Thracian.

ARMY OF THESEUS, THESEUS, and MACHON.

CHORUS OF SEA NYMPHS.

CHORUS OF WISDOMS attending on LEON.

RECITATIVE.

SCENE I.

SCENE II.



# PALLADIUS and IRENE.



## ACT the FIRST.

### *The SCENE.*

*A dreary uninhabited Shore, near the mouth of the Thracian Bosphorus : A storm of thunder and lightning : Three GENII, representing THRACE, THESSALY, and MACEDON, habited with armour, which appears on fire, are discovered performing magical rites and incantations.*

THRACE.

NOW join lances ; steel to steel.

THESSALY.

Point to point ;

MACEDON.

Heel to heel.

B

THRACE,

THRACE.

Now about, and throw them wide ;

MACEDON.

To see what fortune will betide.

THRACE.

I throw east.

THESSALY.

I throw west.

MACEDON.

Mine shall be a northern guest.

*[They turn aside, and throw their spears.]*

THRACE, to MACEDON.

How flew thine ?

MACEDON.

Fair and fine.

THRACE.

Mine did sing along the wind.  
And left no track or trace behind.

MACEDON, to THESSALY.

How now, brother ?

THES.

THESSALY.

Hear, o hear,  
Words of wonder ; deeds of fear !

THRACE.

Tell us quick.

THESSALY.

Lo, yonder spear,  
As it flew, a fiend of air  
Swift bestrid in mid career ;  
There against a virgin's breast  
Turn'd direct, with ire confess,  
A hand unknown did ward the blow,  
And laid the gnashing demon low :  
Then came a cloud, and then a sun ;  
And then a bloody deed was done.  
Who can read this tale of woe ?

MACEDON.

Where hast thou been, not to know ?

THESSALY.

I've been doom'd to wail and weep,  
Full ten thousand fathom deep,  
Under billows, mountain-steep.

}

A foul enchantress laid me low,  
 To work *Thessalia's* overthrow.  
 By the crowing of the cock,  
 By the shadow of the rock  
 That daily pass'd my prison door,  
 I did count twelve years and more  
 Since my durance first begun :  
 Tell me what has since been done.

## THRACE.

On the rock we miss'd thee oft,  
 On the sandy sea-beach soft ;  
 At the midnight wolfish yell,  
 When we call to magic spell ;  
 At the clattering clang of arms,  
 When we ring our loud alarms ;  
 At the tossing of the spear,  
 Still we fail'd to find thee here :  
 Yet no tongue could tidings tell  
 What to thee or thine befell.

## MACEDON.

From thy prison foul and fast  
 Who did set thee free at last ?

THES-

# AND IRENE.

5

## THESSALY.

From my prison fast and foul,  
From amid the ban-dogs growl,  
Clang of mews, and sea-whelps howl,  
Lo! a spectre set me free  
In the name of *Hecate*;  
Who it was I cannot tell.

## THRACE.

Who it was I guess full well;  
'Twas *Leontes*; he, good king,  
Has not drank of *Lethe's* spring;  
On the *Stygian* bank he strays  
Lonely nights and weary days.  
In the daring front of war  
Flam'd he like the morning star;  
Long ere noon a corse he lay;  
Goblins bore his bones away;  
Where they hid them none can tell;  
Doom'd on this side *Styx* to dwell;  
Others in their stead they plac'd,  
Which the funeral honours grac'd:

From

From thy prison foul and fast,  
 Now hath he, with potent spell  
 From the nether queen of hell,  
 Set thee frank and free at last.

THESSALY.

A wound he wore upon his side.

MACEDON.

It was the same whereof he dy'd.

THESSALY.

Who doth reign then in his stead?

MACEDON.

Good *Euarchus* kindly led  
*Macedonia's* youth of war  
 To re-prop the falling star  
 Of *Thessaly*, whose daughter fair,  
 Young *Irene*, to the care  
 Of the friendly king consign'd  
 By *Leontes*, was design'd,  
 Ere the fatal war begun  
 For *Euarchus'* valiant son,  
 Prince of *Thrace* and *Macedon*.

}

Each,

Each, if one alone remain,  
Heir to other's rich domain.  
Long the war with fame hath ended,  
By the virtuous powers befriended;  
By consenting stars approv'd,  
Long the gentle couple lov'd.  
Fair the morn; but ah too soon  
Clouds obscure the sickly noon!  
He hath wander'd far and wide;  
Stern Misfortune by his side;  
She a prisoner doom'd to dwell  
In a loathsome dungeon cell.  
More I know not; *Jove's* decree  
Bars the door of destiny;  
But thy spear doth sure foreshow  
Deeds to follow, full of woe.

## THRACE.

Listen, brothers! As I pass'd  
Hither o'er the dun heath waste,  
I spy'd the Sisters in a nook  
Poring o'er the fated book;  
I snatch'd a glance; the beldams shriek,  
Clasp the leaves, and vanish quick:

Vanish

8 P A L L A D I U S

Vanish they ; but plain I ken'd  
 Words that set my hair an end ;  
 Bloody scrawls of deeds unborn,  
 Which shall rise to life this morn.  
 Heard I too the elder dame  
 Muttering *Palladius'* name.  
 He, it seems, is near at hand,  
 Cast upon his native strand :  
 Let us haste, and find him out ;  
 Something means him ill, I doubt.

THESSALY.

Quick ; agreed. Who gives the sign ?

THRACE.

Hold awhile ; that care be mine.

MACEDON.

By the shower of drizzling blood  
 Shall we make us understood ?

THESSALY.

By the clash of shield and spear  
 Hurling battle in the air ?

MA:

MACEDON.

By the midnight fires, that gloom  
Sullen o'er the highway tomb?

THESSALY.

By the yawning charnel groan?

MACEDON.

By the low and hollow moan  
From the brute beast, stock, or stone?

THRACE.

Look ye, brothers; yonder star  
Shoots a signal thro' the air;  
From the cope of heaven descending,  
To the high behest attending,  
Homeward now the clouds are bending;  
Night is fled; and twilight dim  
Hovers on the mountain rim.  
Hie we to the palace gate,  
There the youthful prince await,  
Flash like fire upon his eyes,  
Mingling quick a thousand dies;

C

Such

Such as none may e'er behold,  
 But favour'd sons of purest mould.  
 When he questions who we are,  
 Shake our heads, then disappear.

THESSALY.

That will speak a danger near;  
 Who shall steel his breast from fear?

THRACE.

That be mine.

THESSALY.

Who'll brace his arm?

MACEDON.

That will I, with double charm.

THESSALY.

I will prompt his tongue so clear.

MACEDON.

I will quicken eye and ear.

THRACE.

'Tis done; away; the time draws near.

*[Exeunt, striking their shields.]*

6

PALLA-



PALLADIUS is discovered, just escaped from ship  
wreck; on the coast of Thrace.

*The prospect of Byzantium, and its palace, at  
a distance:*

PALLADIUS.

Thanks, gentle morn! at thy propitious smile,  
Great Neptune is appeas'd: would Fortune  
were;

That, with a niggard and penurious hand,  
Has shrunk my youth up to the dwarfish strait-  
ness

Of shrivel'd age! I've heard that youth is frolic,  
Buoyant, and high in blood; mine is not so;  
Mine hath been dry and jejune, barren of joys  
As this sea-sand of flowers. Three long, long  
years,

Have I sustain'd of far-divided love

And many other wrongs, secret and open,

Frauds, treacheries, a father's heart estrang'd,

A step-dame never kind; cold friends, warm  
foes;

Perils, and fiery scapes; yet not for these  
Do I lack spirit to cope with Misadventure,  
Whatever shape it wear; witness this storm,  
This rough encounter of the winds and waves,  
Which, much I fear, hath overmatcht the might  
Of my associates: they were lawless men;  
Pirates, it seems; and yet to me they shew'd  
Much of good-will: But, howsoe'er that be,  
I have a quick and delicate touch of pity  
For every man's misfortune, thereto school'd  
By harsh affliction; but of this enough.  
If I may trust mine eyes, all so unus'd  
To sights of joy, this is my native land;  
There stands *Byzantium*, the fairest shrine  
Of the most fair *Irene*; she being safe,  
Most welcome to mine eyes; if not, most fatal.  
Thither I go: vile weeds and penury  
Be my disguise; be Love and Heaven my guide!

[Exit.

CH O-

CHORUS of SEA NYMPHS.

1 SEMICH.

From mortal coil, and all the various woes  
That so beset this frail and feeble nook  
Of earth's inheritance, what rest is found!

2 SEMICH.

Labour and Pain and Penury abound;  
All ills that noted are in Fortune's book;  
Discord and Strife, and Pleasure's painted hook;  
All these, and thousands more,  
Stand ready at the door:  
Nor night nor day the fatal arrows cease,  
That drink the life of man, or, more than life,  
dear peace.

1 NYMPH.

O piteous sight, and fearful to behold!  
When the mad sea, as erst, with horrid throes  
Labours her strong delivery:

From

From her capacious bed she hurls  
 Th' unrooted rocks ; from peaceful sleep  
 Rouz'd are the monsters of the deep :  
 They drink the æther pure, and gaze at other  
 worlds.

2 NYMPH.

Horror is born, and o'er the frighted waves  
 Pursues the little fugitive race of man :  
 He grasps the vessel in his lordly span ;  
 The gew-gaw play-thing crumbles in his hold.

3 NYMPH.

Yet some there are, who, firm, erect, and bold,  
 Disdain to shrink in that disastrous hour :  
 To them the waves are merciless in vain,  
 The piping winds their swollen cheeks idly strain :  
     Nature astounded stands,  
     With high uplifted hands,  
 Dreading the wreck of her fair earthly dower ;  
 Not so the proud unbending soul ;  
 Fiercely he grapples with the waves,  
 He laughs when wild destruction raves ;

Diræ

A N D I R E N E. 15

Dire Fate and strong Necessity  
His big heart scarce controul,

CHORUS.

Such are they whom toil hath try'd  
In her fiery furnace wide.

1 NYMPH.

Prince of *Thrace*, e'en such art thou!  
Saw we not thy lusty arm  
Lash the billows, and disarm  
The angry sea of half his rage?

2 NYMPH.

Sure we saw; nor idle stood,  
But help'd to bear thee o'er the foaming flood.

3 NYMPH.

Mean while the morning lifts her radiant eye:  
Back to their prison cage  
The winds impetuous fly:  
*Neptune* no more would wage  
Rough war; but, joy-beguil'd,  
The monarch sternly smil'd,  
And smooth'd his stormy brow.

1 NYMPH.

1 NYMPH.

What farther doom awaits thee now  
 Jove only and the Fates do know ;  
 But sure I saw a dagger bright  
 Wave o'er his head its gleamy light.

2 NYMPH.

I saw big drops of reeky blood,  
 That trembling on his garments stood ;  
 Then, to the hem descending quite,  
 Did wash them, as I thought, all snowy white.

1 NYMPH, *to the Third.*

What saw'st thou?

3 NYMPH.

I saw the sun  
 Shoot a thread of golden light,  
 That, twining round and round his head,  
 Beam'd like a dark star fiery red  
 And dazzled all my sight.

1 NYMPH.

Mortal, be ever brave and true.

2 NYMPH.

AND IRENE.

17

2 NYMPH.

And Fortune friend thee!

3 NYMPH.

So, adieu!

1 NYMPH.

Sisters, now our task is done  
O'er the green wave let us run,  
Ere the hot and sultry hour,  
To *Amphitrite's* glassy bower:  
There we may relate at large  
The gracious issue of our charge;  
And well I guess our lovely queen will smile,  
And with some lavish gift reward our happy  
toil.

*[Exeunt, sounding their shells.]*

END of the FIRST ACT.

D



## ACT the SECOND.

*The* SCENE.

*An open vestibule in the front of the palace in Byzantium; the two wings of the palace, containing the state prison, court of justice, &c. projecting forward, and, together with the front, encompassing three sides of a spacious court.*

## QUEEN.

THUS far is well; ev'n as a mighty engine,  
 Wrought up by wondrous and combined strength  
 Of various powers to some conceal'd effect,  
 Not known till felt; more momentary swift  
 Then *Jove's* pale bolt, that strikes the traveller  
 dead,  
 And rives the tongue ere it has time to say  
 Behold, how fearful 'tis! O for the arm,

The red right arm of *Jove*, that I might wield  
This thunder all alone! then 'twere well done;  
But puny, weak, and dull mortality  
To one effect doth move a thousand means;  
The least whereof, the smallest spring, rope,  
pulley,

Nay ev'n a pin discharging not its function,  
The engine back recoils, and leaves unhurt  
All but th' inventor. Well, but to the purpose!  
He who stood foremost in the dangerous scope  
Of my intent is happily remov'd:

*Palladius*, sleep thou in thy oozy bed,  
Till time shall sleep with thee! this day *Irene*  
Shall join thy wand'ring and disconsolate spirit  
On *Lethe's* warped banks. So farewell both!

Come then, thou fiery Charioteer of heaven,  
Lash on thy dull and dilatory steeds  
To this fair bridal feast. Ha! sure they mock me!  
What sudden change is this! Why scowl their  
eyes,

Like meteors blazing thro' a threefold cloud!  
Why on their crisped manes and fronts of fire

Hang dizzily drops of rain! Why start they back  
 As if *Thyestes'* banquet were renew'd!  
 Be it so!—vain shadowy fears, I heed you not—  
 Let little mortals tremble!—I dare follow  
 Where bold Ambition beckons o'er their heads—  
 Ev'n now I see her wave her purple hand—  
 I come, bright Deity!—Receive thy votary.

[*Exit.*

*The King enters, and seats himself.*

*Polyxenes and others attending.*

KING.

*Polyxenes*, come hither.

POLYXENES.

What would your majesty?

KING.

Leave us alone.

[*To his attendants.*

Come near, *Polyxenes*,

I think thou hast estrang'd thyself of late  
 From us and from our councils.

P.O.

POLYXENES.

Never, Sir,

So far, but that my services were ready  
At your least beck or nod.

KING.

I do believe thee;  
Dost thou remember fair *Thessalia's* prince,  
The good *Leontes*?

POLYXENES.

Well I do, my Liege.

KING.

This age, *Polyxenes*, is rank in flattery;  
It bears no grain of truth.

POLYXENES.

The more the pity;  
It is the bane of kings, and the world's curse.

KING.

*Leontes* was the fair *Irene's* father.

POLYXENES.

I know it well; and your most worthy friend.

KING.

He was, *Polyxenes*. I scarce do know

A man in all my court, but wears his heart  
Just as the wind fits. Fie upon such doings!  
Give me the man, who from his own firm mind  
Dares take th' arbitrement of right and wrong;  
Who to that firm mind bears a tongue as free  
To hollow it thro' the world; who to that tongue  
Doth match a heart as bold and unappall'd  
To wear it in the face of courts and kings:  
Let such a man be trusted; One such I knew,  
But he's estrang'd.

POLYXENES.

Something I do divine,  
Most royal Sir, whereto your purpose leans:  
And humbly I implore your majesty  
Use not such circumspection; I do see  
Some great thing labours in your kingly breast,  
That heaves for utterance. *Polyxenes*

Is

Is what he was; and to be otherwise,  
Would not this poor world take in base exchange.

KING.

*Leontes* lov'd thee well; and I remember,  
When at our court he sojourn'd, ere he went  
To those ill-fated wars, where he did lose  
His precious life; I, a most worthy friend,  
*Irene* too a father: He, I say——  
Fie on this grief! it doth unman me quite;  
I have forgot the purport of my speech;  
It is no matter; I'll tell thee another time.

POLYXENES.

I do perceive with a most sorrowful heart  
I am unworthy of your royal confidence;  
My presence doth constrain you; please your  
    majesty  
I should retire?

KING.

Nay, nay, thou shalt not go;  
Come back again. I've ever found thee honest.  
*Leontes* thought thee so. This night I saw him.

P O-

POLYXENES.

What says your majesty!

KING.

Hear me awhile.

If ever mortal spirit did converse hold  
 With those thrice purify'd of heav'n's high dome,  
 This night I saw *Leontes*: He did stand  
 Close at my pillow; on his breast he wore  
 A wound, just here; it was an honest one;  
 The same whereof he dy'd; to the which he  
     pointed,  
 And, with an earnest face of friendship, ask'd me  
 Why I did make it bleed again; then beckon'd  
     me  
 To follow him; I follow'd, nothing doubting,  
 Till at the last we came; I know not how;  
 To where a beetling pinnacle o'erhung  
 The most inhospitable and adverse flood  
 That e'er mine eyes beheld; a thousand demons  
 Rode on th' enridged waves, and seem'd to grin  
 As if in mock of human misery:  
 At length I saw where o'er th' illumin'd deep  
                     A foaming

A foaming chariot came; it was the same  
Wherein great *Neptune* rides; his very horses  
too,

Fair frothy-footed steeds; and who should guide  
them,

But my *Palladius*, with his fair *Irene*;

And, as he pass'd, he wav'd his hand, and cry'd,

"I come, *Leontes*; bid my father stay."

Then straightway vanish'd; I at this awoke.

What can it mean?

POLYXENES.

It is the voice o'th' gods;

Your son is yet alive. It must be so.

KING.

It were as vain to hope, *Polyxenes*,

As that the blood of never-ebbing youth

Would flow again in these old veins of mine.

He's dead, *Polyxenes*; we have proofs as strong

As Fate's firm bonds. *Irene*'s guilty, guilty.

POLYXENES.

O most unnatural! that she, whose spirit  
Was but the meekness of the down-clad dove;

E

Whose

Whose highest mettle and fire of ambition  
Would crouch, if need were, to an humble  
cottage;

Whose love was of that pure and unmixt fort  
As might inhabit in a mold celestial,  
And soil it not; that she, whose life did hang  
Upon his life;—that she should so forget her,  
To cut away the prop and stay of all,  
At one foul blow—O most unnatural!

They who do such things are of natures similar,  
Hot, hardy, violent, rash, and bold of purpose,  
Smooth as the calm sea at the coming on,  
In execution stormy; such are they  
Who gain by vent'rous deeds, not such who  
lose.

I have been bold, my Liege, perhaps too bold;  
I claim the sanction of an honest heart.

KING.

*Polyxenes*, I have something thought of this.  
What's to be done?

POLYXENES.

Judge, but delay to strike;  
The gods will do the rest.

KING,

AND IRENE.

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KING.

The gods be gracious!

The hour draws nigh; be near at hand, *Polyxenes*:  
There's treason in the air; I may require  
A faithful arm, perchance.

POLYXENES.

And you shall find it.

Lead on, great king; the guards await your  
coming.

[*Exeunt.*

*IRENE enters, as from a dungeon under the palace;  
a Chorus of Virgins attending.*

*Guards waiting at a distance.*

IRENE.

O fair and holy day-light, sacred child  
Of Heaven's eternal womb, blest visitor!  
Grateful alike at every fresh return  
To gods and men! How grateful then to me,  
And mine enlarged powers, that, long upshut

In dungeon darkness, labour'd oft in vain  
To meet thy kindling beam! Ye vernal airs,  
How sweet ye blow from yonder eastern hill,  
Where once my footsteps free and unconfin'd  
Were wont to wander, at the early dawn,  
In joy and peace, and liberty and love,  
Ah, now no more to wander! Strait before  
Lies the blank path of Death, which, witness  
Heaven!

I tread not undelighted, since he's dead  
For whom alone I liv'd. But oh, the weight  
Of undeserved shame and foul reproach  
Sits heavier on a virgin's tender name  
Than falls th' unwieldy mace of leaden death,  
Pounding the body's fabrick into dust!  
Is it not so, fair maidens? O ye Gods,  
Suffer it not, O let it not be said  
That Innocence was swallow'd up of Guilt,  
And Heaven stood reckless by! In after-times,  
When it is ask'd how poor *Irene* dy'd,  
Who, who shall answer? Will not Calumny  
Stand up, and say, Thus dy'd the false *Irene*,  
And Thus, and Thus; foiling the maiden glofs

Of my renown with black opprobrious breath?  
 Oh, who can bear it!

CHORUS *of* ATTENDANT VIRGINS.

I VIRGIN.

Mark, my sisters, mark

How full of sorrow yonder goodly vessel  
 Stands, but o'erflows not! Catch we, ere it fall,  
 Th' o'er-peering drop. How fleeting is the form  
 Of earth-born greatness! not more changeable  
 The dye, quick-shifting, on the ring-dove's neck  
 Sidelong against the sun! oft with this innocent  
 We shar'd the festive rite, the pipe, the dance,  
 In happier times: flant-ey'd Suspicion  
 This day allows us to rejoin her steps,  
 Long time estrang'd: now other task remains  
 Of solace and support.—Haste, bring the song,  
 Such as at times the Bard's enraptur'd thought  
 Pours fourth in confidence of Heaven's high rule,  
 And Justice, never swerving from her course  
 Of stedfast Right, tho' Earth and Hell invoke.

S E M I-

## SEMICHORUS.

On *Olympus'* massy top  
*Jove's* starry threshold leans ;  
 A thousand and a thousand rolling years  
 Have wheel'd their thund'ring course around,  
 Nor shook the mighty prop.

## 2 SEMICH.

Ev'n there on high  
 Dread Justice sits enthron'd ;  
 With never-closed eye  
 She marks the busy ways of men ;  
 And ever, as they run to good or ill,  
 In her good time she strikes with level'd aim  
     The guilty head ;  
 And on the virtuous pours  
 Ointments of living odours, to embalm  
 Their precious memory, alive or dead.  
 That what vain mortals think forgot or past  
     Is but postpon'd ;  
 And Vengeance, that comes slow, comes sure at  
     last.

2 VIR.

# AND IRENE.

34

I VIRGIN.

Say, who can climb up to the holy hill,  
And pluck eternal Justice from her seat?  
Is there who dares the impious task fulfill?  
Him *Jove's* avenging ire and scapeless bolts  
await.

CHORUS.

Then Justice shall remain, and Rule, and Rights  
As long as Heaven's blue firmament endures:  
The sun dispels the clouds, the day the night;  
So Justice to her sons her guerdon bright en-  
fures.

I VIRGIN.

Hark! hark! I hear the loud *Olympus* ring:  
Slow descending down his sides  
A thousand glittering forms are seen.  
See! see! they whiten all the air  
With splendor of their garments sheen;  
Hither, lo! the vision glides;  
Before them Lightning waves his ruddy wing;  
Thunder brings up the rear.

2 VIR-

## 3 VIRGIN.

But who is this comes foremost? In his  
hand  
He bears a rod of waving fire.

## 1 VIRGIN.

'Tis Vengeance, comes to purge the guilty  
land.

## 2 VIRGIN.

Far away O turn thine ire:  
In these lonely prison cells  
Nought but Truth and Virtue dwells,

## 3 VIRGIN.

Sisters, he's gone.  
But who comes next, of rosy hue;  
With locks of amber, eyes of sapphire blue?

## 1 VIRGIN.

In his hand he holds a crown,

## 2 VIRGIN.

See! he lays it gently down.

1 VIR:

1 VIRGIN.

Whose is this?

2 VIRGIN.

The vision fades.

3 VIRGIN.

Sisters, 'tis done.

1 SEMICH.

Crown we the song to *Jove*,

And his immortal power; he from above

Sends down a beam of light, forerunner sure

Of recompence and high reward,

To such as, with firm faith, and conscience pure,

And fixed eyes that stedfastly endure,

Expect his promis'd aid with due regard.

2 SEMICH.

He shakes the tottering wall, and bursts the  
prison door,

Shivers the beam, the bar, the giddy rocking  
tower,

F

Where

Where proud Oppression builds her lofty bower  
Above the head of Innocence secure.

## CHORUS.

Then Justice shall remain, and Rule, and Right,  
As long as Heaven's blue firmament endures :  
The sun dispels the clouds, the day the night ;  
So Justice to her sons her guerdon bright en-  
sures.

## IRENE.

Thanks, gentle Nymphs. How sweet is the  
blest utterance  
Of heav'n-born Harmony ! It hath a tongue  
More forcible than Reason to the ear ;  
Of power to tame the harsh contending spirit,  
Or cheer the drooping heart. I feel a confi-  
dence  
Spring up within my bosom ; why, I know not.  
Forgive me, Nymphs ; I'm light of tongue to-day ;  
This is my bridal morn ; this day I wed,  
Or Death, or Freedom ; thou art my choice,  
grim Death,

If

If I might wed thee with a name unstain'd :  
Freedom, alas ! thou hast no charms for me,  
Unless thou bring the young *Palladius* with  
thee ;

To whose sweet soul I do submit my own  
In gentle bondage : yet am I call'd his murderer.  
Where is that daring spirit, that it forbears  
To dash the dark dishonour from my brow !  
Alas ! he hears me not. Come, maidens, come ;  
*Irene* is a prattler ; Justice waits,  
While fond *Irene* prattles : let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

*PALLADIUS enters.*

I like it not : the day is overcast,  
That smil'd upon my fortunes ; as I pass,  
The streets are dumb as Night ; at yonder corner  
I saw three figures of gigantic size  
Helm'd for battle ; their arms were all on fire :  
I ask'd them who they were ; they shook their  
heads,  
And vanish'd. What can it mean ? Heaven guard  
my love !

Then I am proof.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

What noise is that? again!  
 The King is near: I know the flourish well.  
 Down, down, unquiet thoughts! Proud heart, sit  
 still!

*Officers of justice enter, preceding the King, across  
 the court of the palace.*

## PALLADIUS.

Justice, I see, doth call the King abroad;  
 These are her trappings: oft beneath their folds  
 Lurks grim Oppression; happy he who 'scapes  
 The serpent's tooth! But, hush! they come this  
 way. *[Retires a little aside.*

*The KING passes,*

Good, good old King! thou hadst a father's  
 heart;  
 With all a mother's fondness over-flowing;  
 But who hath since purloin'd it, and instead,  
 Infix'd a rock of flinty adamant,  
 I may in part conjecture; and, be sure,  
 I thank them not.

*The*

*The QUEEN passes.*

The Queen too! Ah! how clemency  
Doth well become the meek and lowly fair!  
I hope, good Queen, thou goest to sheath the  
edge

Of Justice' sword, not to provoke it more.  
If that thy heart and inward thoughts are pure,  
And smooth as thy tongue's oil, thou'rt good  
indeed;  
But I suspect thee, Queen.

*IRENE passes, as a prisoner.*

Is it Thou, fair prisoner!  
Then am I well return'd, and in right time.  
Good blade, fit next my heart, I may require  
thee. [Puts his dagger in his bosom.  
I'll turn aside; my moist eyes will betray me.

PALLADIUS,  
*after all are past, musing.*

I'll follow; what can it mean? Irene a prisoner!—

[Seeming to recollect himself.  
After

*After a pause.*

Dark clouds, and ye three fiery deities,  
I understand you now; well might ye shake  
Your paly heads. Genius of *Thrace*! I thank  
thee. *[Exit, following.]*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



ACT the THIRD.

*The SCENE.*

*A court of justice; the KING seated in quality of Judge, the QUEEN near him; IRENE at the bar.*

PALLADIUS enters, unobserved.

KING.

YE men of *Thrace*, people of *Macedon*,  
Strangers, and all who hear me, judge, I pray  
you,  
Betwixt my cause and me; I am a King,  
And therefore might command; I am a Judge,  
And therefore might controul the course of  
justice:  
But here I put off both, and face to face  
Plead

Plead with mine enemies. Is there a man,  
 In all this fair assembly, whom I've wrong'd,  
 By force, or base perversion of the laws?  
 Let him stand forth; *Euarchus* is agreed  
 To pay him tenfold recompence. None answers.  
 Yet is your King's life now conspir'd against:  
 Who shall re-pay me justice? Answer me.  
 Hath King *Euarchus* earn'd the name of Tyrant,  
 Or, tyranny's foul wages, death and treason?

## PEOPLE.

Long live the King!

## KING.

Thanks, gentle people! Thanks to th' immortal  
 gods,  
 My life as yet doth stand in hoped safety,  
 Thro' full impeachment of the traitor's guilt:  
 But who shall give me back my dear son's life,  
*Palladius*, your true and lawful Prince?  
 For whose dear hopes and promises of youth,  
 Fair-budding expectations of high birth,  
 Clear-flowing honour, quick-rebounding blood,

Firm mind, and melting heart, and manly arm;  
 Pardon me, that I praise my lifeless child;  
 I would in free redemption pay, alas!  
 Mine own poor life, and thank the Fates, in  
 exchange;  
 But 'tis in vain: The gods admit no parley  
 With earth-born Grief. My son, your Prince, is  
 dead;  
 Fall'n by the foul blow of a traitor's arm.  
 What say ye, *Thracians*, shall he fall unnotic'd?  
 Is it a common cause, or shall your King  
 Forego his private wrongs, and you the people's?

PEOPLE.

Long live the King! perish his enemies!

KING.

Behold the enemy of *Thrace* and me!  
 Thoughts black as night, and deep as *Erebus*,  
 Harbour in that fair bosom; we have proofs  
 Beyond the power of doubt. Her shameless  
 treasons  
 Stalk in broad day; her base accomplices,

G

In

In full impeachment, have confronted her.  
 She slew the son, and fought the father's blood:  
 And all for what? Was it Ambition, Girl,  
 Should'ring ambition, foe of gods and men?  
 I will not charge thee with a grosser crime;  
 I think thou art not such. But what of that?  
 Whatever be the root of this great evil,  
 The fruit is deadly. Death be then the dole!  
 What say ye, people? is she worthy death?

*A silence in the court.*

*The QUEEN speaks, aside.*

Dolt-headed monsters, dull unmettled slaves,  
 Where are your tongues?

KING.

*Irene, rise.* You stand a prisoner here,  
 For heinous crimes; Heaven and yourself do  
 know  
 How best you may acquit you of the charge:  
 If not, how may the strict laws stay their course?  
 What dost thou say, Girl? Vengeance hath a  
 tongue,

Louder

Louder than pealing thunder, to invoke  
High-throned Justice from her fainted seat  
Among the gods: How wilt thou answer her?  
*Thracia* demands her Prince, stern *Macedon*  
Points to her heirless throne: But who shall plead  
In a fond father's right? Tears are my words.  
Canst thou deny these proofs? I know thou canst

not.

[*Holding out papers.*

Would'st thou again confront thy loud accusers?  
Thou dost not wish it. Thy treasons gape upon  
thee

With open mouth. Why hast thou done all this?  
Could'st thou not wait till this life-wearied corps  
Was rested in the grave? It had not been long.  
Was't not enough that *Thrace* and *Macedon*  
Stretch'd out their princely arms, in loving act,  
To guard thee in thy fair *Theffalian* dower,  
Joining their rich and honourable streams,  
To swell the ambitious current of thy blood  
With high addition of *Palladius'* name?  
Must thou needs rule alone? or hadst thou chosen  
A lustier paramour? What need more words?

G 2

< Shall

Shall I remind thee of thy father's friendship,  
That did commend thee to our royal care?

Thy orphan state, thy tender bringing up,  
*Palladius'* love? And all to come to this!

All laws of hospitality o'erthrown!

All tender offices of love pluckt down!

Shame to humanity! Let it not be told

In foreign ears, lest men do point at us.

Henceforth all precious ties of Nature cease!

Parents shall thrust their offspring from their  
bosoms,

Like poisonous plants; Brothers, Sisters, Sons,  
Feed on their next of kin; Friends shut their  
houses

Against the man who built them; Charity  
Snatch the dry morsel from the starving beggar,  
And spurn him to the kennel. Shame! shame!  
shame!

What dost thou say, Girl? are not these things so?  
Then wherefore should stern Justice stay to strike?

I R E N E.

## I R E N E.

A few words best become a righteous cause,  
And best beseem a maiden's modesty.  
I know not how I may deny my guilt  
With half that shew and circumstance of truth  
Which Calumny hath raised to support it:  
All that I know is, that I am not guilty.  
Those written proofs—but that my heart disdains  
The base contents—I could almost acknowledge;  
So cunningly hath malice counterfeited:  
All that I know is, that they are not mine.  
You say, I do not wish to be confronted  
With mine accusers: True, O King, I do not.  
I have no face to brow-beat Insolence,  
No tongue to silence clamorous Accusation:  
I never held society with such;  
I rather chuse such men mine enemies,  
Yea, mine accusers, rather than my friends.  
Then say not Justice, King, but Judgement  
strikes,  
Such Judgement as frail men, not Heaven, avows:  
And I submit me willing to the stroke.

This is my poor defence; and more than this,  
 Poor as it is, I would not wish to say  
 For this life's worth: but I do pray the gods,  
 This foul blot stick not to my memory,  
 And then I die content. A few words more,  
 And I have done: I have been harshly us'd;  
 Something too harshly for a great King's daughter.

I am not bold. There needed not so much,  
 To kill *Irene*: a word, an angry look,  
 Had been enough. Mine enemies have spread  
 A lion's toil, and caught a sleeping lamb.

[Sits down,

PALLADIUS,

*stepping forward.*

Is't lawful, men of *Macedon* and *Thrace*,  
 In this thrice-famed land of liberty,  
 A stranger may be heard?

PEOPLE.

Hear him, hear him.

KING.

KING.

What says the stranger? Is my son alive?

PALLDIUS.

I do not say he lives, renowned King;  
Hear me awhile. *[A noise is heard.]*

KING.

Silence, good people; hear him;  
What noise is that?

ATTENDANT.

It is *Eumolpus*, King,  
The good old servant of the Prince *Palladius*:  
When yonder stranger did begin to speak,  
He call'd aloud upon his master's name,  
And, as we think, is just expir'd, my Liege.

KING.

We hope not so; bear him away with care.

PALLADIUS,

*[Aside.]*

Faithful old man! for thee I could have spar'd

Full

Full many a friend, such as the world breeds  
now:

Truce with you, tears! Unquiet heart, sit still!

KING.

Speak on, young stranger; we will gladly hear  
thee.

PALLADIUS.

I will not with a longer show of words——

*[A noise is heard again.]*

KING.

What noise is that again? I pray you, peace.

ATTENDANT.

The Queen retires, my Liege; her guards are  
call'd.

KING.

Once more, young man; think not unkindly  
of us:

We are not us'd to hear a stranger rudely.

PALLA.

## PALLADIUS.

I will not with a longer shew of words  
Detain you, mighty King, than may suffice  
To the delivery of a plain-told tale :  
I am a stranger in this land of *Thrace*,  
As ye may well perceive; nor therefore scorn  
me :  
Such as I am, the Prince *Palladius*  
Did chuse me for his friend: at *Sparta's* Court  
We met; we lik'd; and, as young men are wont,  
Pledg'd earthly friendship; which, I think, hath  
been  
Since riveted with many a loving proof.

I speak not of the cities, courts, and camps,  
High-roofed palaces, and gorgeous halls,  
The seats of empires, kingdoms, pryncedoms,  
powers,  
Which we have visited with curious eyes,  
And, as we hoped, not unprofitably,  
Culling the fairest flowers of Virtue thence,  
To plant in our own soil: I speak not, King,  
Of mountains, rocks, and caves, whose hideous  
forms

H

Meet

Meet the young traveler's eye with fearful wonder ;

From whose bare fides, and barren as they're deem'd,

We pluck'd no useleſs knowledge, or of plants,

Foſſils, or minerals ; I ſpeak not, King,

Of thrice-fail'd ſeas, ports, harbours, creeks, and bays,

Well-known to travelers ; or what more rare

Our thirſty ſouls did gasp at ; the big continent,

Th' huge ocean, and the nameleſs, nameleſs iſles

That ſpot her broad green back ; where oft we touch'd,

Prying into their curious properties,

Not unendanger'd. At the laſt we came

To *Rhodes*.

KING.

Ay ; there he fell ; did he not, ſtranger

Thy teſtimony doth concur with ours :

Poor ill-ftarr'd boy !

PALLA-

PALLADIUS.

He fell not there, great King:  
But that he did not, thanks to th' friendly  
Gods,  
And to his own good sword! I mean to tell  
Of his escape, and of his peril there,  
Which favour'd much of treason in his followers.  
It matters not: I hasten to the summit  
Of my great story: Hear me with patience.  
He loos'd from *Rhodes*. with a fair prosperous  
gale,

Minding to bear toward his native land,  
After an absence of three circling suns.  
I bore him company: at dead of night,  
The frightful glare of quick-devouring flames  
Rouz'd us from slumber; all the crew were fled;  
The ship well-nigh consum'd: What's to be  
done?  
We plung'd into the waves, and side by side  
Maintain'd our hopeless course: by chance a  
Pirate,  
Drawn by the ruddy brightness of the flames,

Sav'd us from death. Night fled, and morning  
rose:

A fearful wreck of half-consumed things  
Floats on the hissing waves: we bless'd the Gods  
For our escape; but sure, I think, they meant us  
For their own vengeance: three long weeks, or  
more,

We were the sport of winds, of rocks, and seas;  
At last—no longer since than the night past—  
The storm o'ertook us: ye yourselves may wit-  
ness

How fearful 'twas; for, well I did observe,  
Your land doth bear some marks of its unkind-  
ness.

What need more words? The wreck was far  
from land;

And, much I fear, none but myself escap'd  
The cruel outrage; this is the simple truth,  
Which, I perceive, hath been in part mis-  
construed

In this assembly. Would the Gods had made  
me

A messenger of better tidings, King!

KING.

KING.

We thank thee, courteous stranger; thy good  
wishes

Do fall like rain upon a thirsty soil,  
Which drinks, but profits not. What says  
*Irene?*

You have much cause of thanks: This gallant  
Youth

Steps in between Dishonour, Death, and Thee,  
To ward the perilous blow.

I R E N E.

My Lord, I thank him,  
As one enamour'd of a virtuous name;  
Not much in love with life;—I thank thee,  
stranger.

KING.

We are all beholden to thee; think it not  
therefore

Discourtesy in us, that we demand  
Some proof of what thou say'st. We may not  
well

Arrest

Arrest the current of the wholesome laws,  
On bare surmise.

PALLADIUS.

It were not wisdom, King.

I have some proof. When Prince *Palladius*  
And my unworthy self did stand on th' verge  
Of extreme danger ; when all art was foil'd,  
All labour useless, we betook ourselves  
To some high reasoning of the Supreme Powers ;  
And something did complain of our hard fate,  
In mutual confidence ; then from his finger  
He pluck'd a ring : " If we do meet again,  
He cry'd, be this the pledge of our firm friend-  
ship ;  
If not, be thou the bearer of my story  
To *Thracia's* court ; and this shall be thy wit-  
ness."

Who knows this ring ? [Holding up a ring.

KING.

It was my son's ; the stranger's tale is true :  
The Gods are gracious : my son may be alive ;

A

Who

Who knows? We will awhile delay our judgment

On this great argument. What say you, Lords?

LYSOCLES, *rising.*

Methinks 'twere well, if that same gallant youth,

Who is so forward to defend the guilty,

Were put to proof of his own innocence.

'Tis like, my Liege, he is a base accomplice;

That ring denotes him such; and no mean sharer

In the rich spoil of our dear slaughter'd Prince:

I move for custody.

KING.

Fye, *Lysocles*;

The stranger is right noble; and his words

Might well become a Prince, so rarely temper'd

'Twixt modesty and boldness: he is no traitor,

I would be sworn. Withdraw thy rash suspicion.

PALLADIUS.

Suffer him, King; and bear awhile with me.

But that I am a stranger in this land;

And,

And, next to the addition of a coward,  
Abhor the name of a base riot-breeder,  
A brawler, or a common quarreler,  
Mine arm should best chastise such insolence ;  
And, but that reverence and respect of you  
Doth claim all privilege of certainty,  
I'd not unlock my lips to such suspicion.

Know then, great King, that when the Prince,  
your son,

Did from his higher tasks unbend his mind  
To social pleasures, he would sometimes speak  
Of former days, and of his fortunes past ;  
And something did reveal of an old prophesy,  
Which did concern this gifted ring and him :

“ That he himself, thought dead, should, face to  
“ face,

“ Plead for his murderer at the bar of justice :

“ That then this ring, tho' in his own strict cus-  
“ tody,

“ Should, by an unknown hand produc'd, acquit

“ The criminal ; and, when these things should  
“ be,

“ Him-

"Himself should cause his Sire to quit his  
"throne,

"And all applauding *Thrace* look joyful on."

How this may be fulfill'd, the Gods do know!  
Yourself do know, great King, if I speak truth.

## KING.

I do remember such a prophesy;  
But Time, and old Neglect, and dubious Faith,  
Had buried it long since to our remembrance:  
It doth revive in us hopes of our Son:  
We fear not for ourselves.

## LYSOCLES.

This argues little;  
This might be learnt from Rumour's tongue be-  
like,  
Or pickt up from his followers, to serve  
For colouring of a poorly-varnish'd plot.  
What! dost thou think thy unsupported credit  
Can shake the firm base of a great King's judge-  
ment,  
Built on a sound rock? Did *Palladius* send thee,  
I A shal-

A shallow bearer of a shallower tale,  
 To puzzle children? did he bid thine arm  
 Beat down the sword of Justice, lifted high,  
 To strike a just revenge upon his murderer?  
 Say, young ambaffador, what bade he more?

PALLADIUS.

He bade me, if I met a slave like thee,  
 Foe to thy King, thy Country, and *Irene*,  
 To bare mine arm thus, and to strike thee dumb.  
 [Shews his arm bare.

PEOPLE.

The Prince, the Prince!

KING.

It is my Son himself;  
 The very lion's paw upon his arm!  
 Let me come to him. [*Descends, and embraces him.*

POLYXENES.

See! *Thracians*, see! the prophesy's fulfill'd;  
 [Pointing.  
 So doth the good *Euarcbus* quit his throne,  
 And all applauding *Thrace* look joyful on.

PEOPLE.

PEOPLE.

Long live the King! Long live the Prince!

IRENE *faints* ;

PALLADIUS *runs to her, and supports her.*

PALLADIUS.

Look on thy long-lost lover, Prince *Palladius*;  
Look up, if thou dost love me, fair *Irene*.

*A Woman of the Queen's Attendants enters  
in disorder, crying out,*

The Queen! The Queen!

KING.

What fearful noise is that, shrill as the winds?

ATTENDANT.

It is a woman in the crowd, my liege,  
Calls out upon the Queen.

KING.

Let her come forward;  
'Tis one of her attendants ; what say'st thou, woman?

I 2

WOMAN.

WOMAN.

The Queen! the Queen!

KING.

What of the Queen?

WOMAN.

Dead! dead!

KING.

This day is full of wonders; she went hence  
Not half an hour since. How dy'd she, woman?

WOMAN.

Poison, poison! bloody, bloody, bloody!

KING.

Thou art beside thyself.  
Call some one here, who may explain the business.

ATTENDANT.

Here comes another messenger, my Liege,  
Full of impatient speed.

*Messenger enters.*

KING.

Well, what say'st thou?  
This woman tells us that the Queen is dead.

ATTEN-

ATTENDANT.

She is dead, King.

KING.

How dy'd she? Tell us quickly.

MESSENGER.

I will relate it, Sir, as those who saw her  
Did testify to me; if I do err,  
This woman will inform your better knowledge;  
For she, I think, was there.

WOMAN.

I was, I was.

MESSENGER.

Not half an hour since, as ye do know,  
She left this court in haste, and sought the pa-  
lace.  
Fear in her face, and fury in her eye,  
She rush'd to her apartment, looking round,  
As one who with a greedy earnestness  
Searches for something lost; strait recollecting,  
As it should seem, she pluck'd from off her finger

A costly

A costly jewel, and, by a secret spring  
 Opening the socket, drank, as it is thought,  
 A deadly poison thence: Th' effect was sudden;  
 She stagger'd to the wall; her dim eyes fixt,  
 Her pale lips quivering on her length'ned jaws:  
 Anon she starts, as one who hears a noise;  
 "They come!" she cries; and, with a conceal'd  
     dagger,  
 Finish'd the fearful business: down she sunk  
 In agonies of death: Something she mutter'd  
 Of Prince *Palladius*—that he was alive,  
 And safe return'd.

WOMAN.

'Tis true, O King, she said so.

KING.

What! had she time, in agonies of death,  
 To say so much?

WOMAN.

O, yes, great King, and more;  
 I am afraid to say.

KING.

KING.

Speak boldly, woman.

WOMAN.

O horrible to hear, monstrous to speak!  
She did accuse herself of heinous crimes  
Against the State and You; against the Prince;  
Against *Irene*, who, she said, was innocent.  
She did accuse *Cleombrotus* of treason,  
And *Lyfocles*; and many, many more.

KING.

Spake she in penitence?

MESSENGER.

More in despair,  
As they do say; but, as I judge from those  
Of best report, raving involuntary,  
Like one touch'd of the Gods.

WOMAN.

'Twas so, 'twas so.

KING.

## KING.

The Gods are ever dreadful in their judgments :

Peace rest her shade! We war not with the dead;

The living we'll requite. Speak, *Lyfocles*,  
What answerest thou?

## ATTENDANT.

He is withdrawn, my Liege.

## KING.

Guilt is beforehand with us; secure his person;  
And let *Cleombrotus* be found.—*Palladius*,

Let me embrace thee once again: The Gods  
Did give me warning of thee; else I had dy'd  
With too, too sudden joy. I have found thee,  
Son,

Such as I wish'd: my heart did yearn upon thee,  
When first thy gracious words did meet mine ear.

PAL-

PALLADIUS,

O, I have lost thee three long years, my Father,  
 Something unkindly as I thought; but now  
 I have found thee doubly: It was the voice  
 Of Malice and of Treason that did slander thee  
 To thy poor Son. Great King, behold thy  
 Daughter. [Presenting Irene.

KING.

Come near, *Irene*. Let me embrace thee,  
 Daughter,  
 And with thee clasp forgiveness. Pardon me,  
 If, in the busy turmoil of this day,  
 Something too harshly hath my rude tongue  
 gall'd thee:  
 I try'd the patient biding of thy temper,  
 For thy more proof of innocence. Guilt is fore,  
 And flies the galling touch. Pardon me, Daughter.

IRENE.

O, load me not with too much kindness,  
 King;  
 I sink already.

K

KING.

KING.

*Thracians*, salute your Prince;  
Salute my Daughter. We bid you all as guests  
To our great bridal feast. Our grief is buried;  
Joy is new born. Thank the Gods loudly,  
*Thracians*.

[*Shout, with warlike instruments.*]

KING.

THE END.



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